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THOMAS and SALLY. A Dramatic Pastoral

As Perform'd at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden?

Mr Beard

| Miss Brent and Mr Mattocks Miss Poitier.

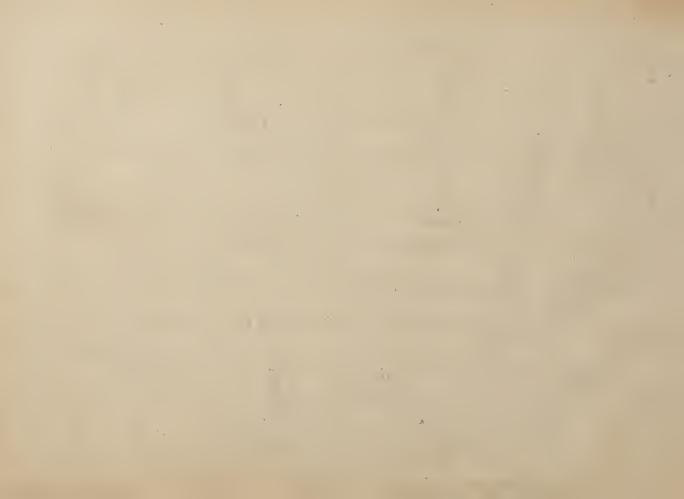
Gomposid by D. Anne.

For the Harplicord, Voice, German Flute, or Violin.

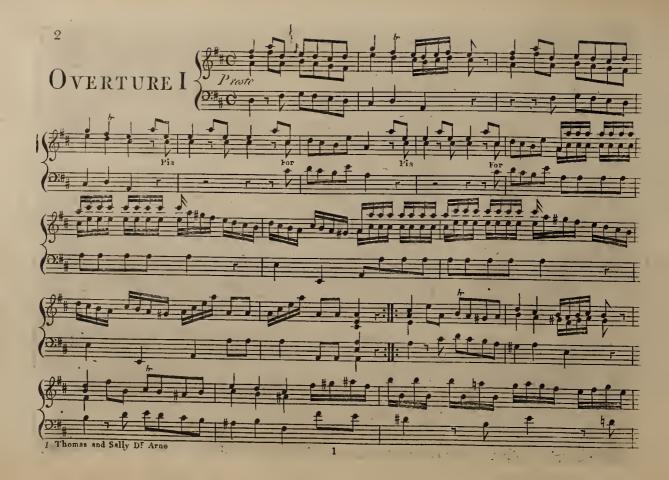
London . Printed for I. Walsh in Catharine Street in the Strand .

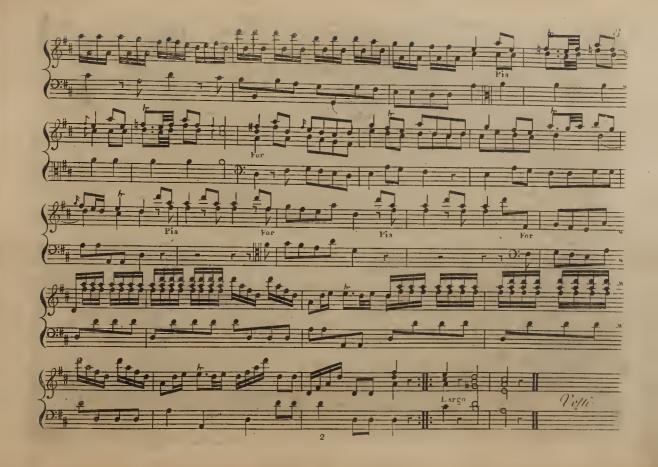
Of whom may be had

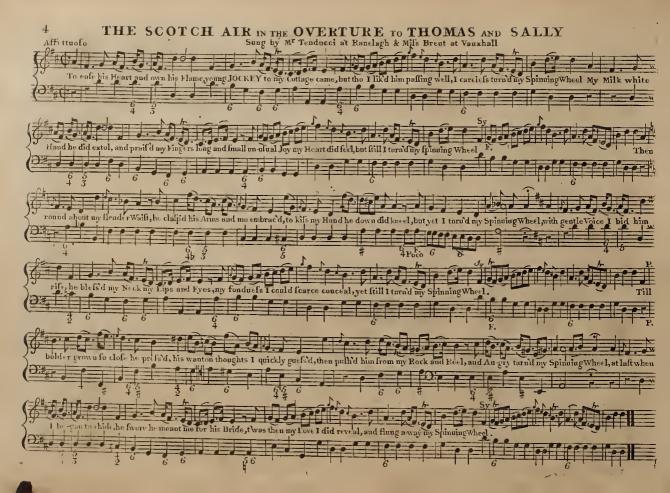
Thomas and Sally in Score, with Recitatives, Chorus, Songs, and Overture . Love in a Village. Midas. Spring. Fairies. Dragon of Wantley. Pyramis and Thifbe. The New Songs and Ballads Sung this Year at Vauxhall Gardens. 2 Books . Handel's 400 Selected Oratorio Songs 5 Volumes . D' Arne's 6 Cantatas, and Select English Songs in Fourteen Books . Dr. Boyce's Solomon. Chaplet. Shepherds Lottery. and Songs and Cantatas in 6 Books

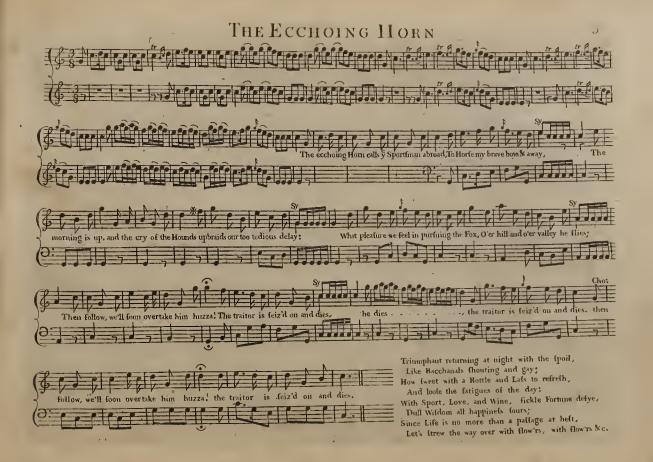










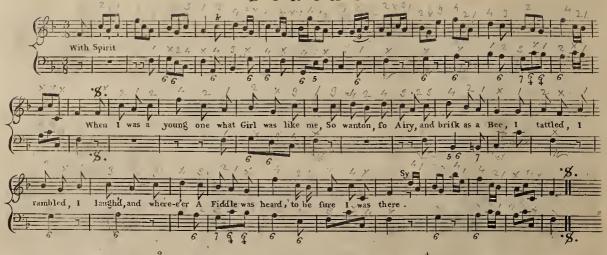












To all that came near I had fomething to fay, 'Twas this Sir, and that Sir, but fcarce ever nay; And Sundays dreft out in my Silks and my Lace, I warrant I flood by the best in the Place.

At Twenty, 1 got me a Husband poor Man!
Well rest him we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish he'd quarrel for Straws,
And Jealous tho' truly 1 gave him some cause.

He fnubd me and huffd me _ but let me alone, Egad I've a Tongue _ and I paid him his own; Ye Wife's take the hint, and when Spoule is untow'rd, Stand firm to our Charter _ and have the laft word.

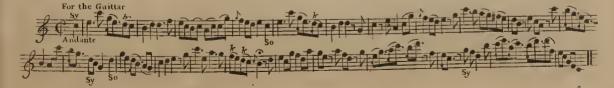
But now I'm quite alter'd the more to my woo, I'm not what I was forty Summers ago;
This Time's a fore Foe, there's no fluming his Dart,
However I keep up a pretty good Heart.

Grown Old yet I hate to be fitting Mum Chance, I ftill love a Tune, the unable to Dance; And Books of Devotion laid by on the Shelf, I teach that to others — I once did my-felf.



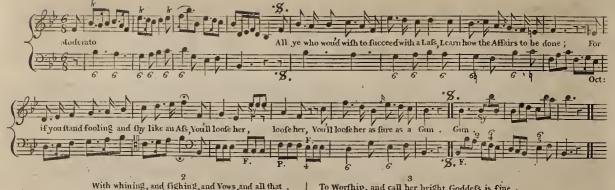
Yt fhe unkind one damps my Joy ,
And cries I court but to deftroy ,
Can Love with ruin tally?
By those dear Lips those Eyes I swear ,
I wou'd all Deaths all torments bear ,
Rather than injure SALLY .

Come then, oh come thou fweeter far,
Than Violets and Rofes are,
Or Lillies of the Valley;
Oh follow Love and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to thefe Arms my Dear,
And nake me bleft in SALLY.





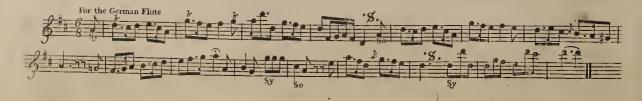




With whining, and fighing, and Vows, and all that, As far as you pleafe you may run; She'll hear you, and Jeer you, and give you a Pat, But Jilt you, Jilt you, She'll Jilt you, as fure as a Gun.

To Worship, and call her bright Goddess is fine, But mark you the Consequence, Mun.;
The Baggage will think herself realy divine, And scorn you, scorn you, Shell scorn you as fure as a Gun.

Then be with a Maiden bold, frolic, and front, And no Opportunity thun;
She'll tell you fhe hates you, and fwear she'll cry out, But Mum __ She's as fure as a Gun.





Breath foft in Sighs, and gently heave
The calm fmooth Bosom of the Deep.
Till Haleyon Peace return'd once more,
From Blasts secure and hostile Harms,
My Sailor views his Native Shore,
And harboors safe in these fond Arms. And harboors &c

















